

C A N O N S
OF
CRITICISM;

EXTRACTED FROM
The BEAUTIES of MATY's
R E V I E W,
And the *ORATORICAL POWERS*
Of Dr. H O R S L E Y.

Tecum habita : et noris quam fit tibi curta Supellex.
P E R S.

T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

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Advertisement.

THE Author of the following Pages, as he never took an active Part in the late Dissentions, that in the Royal Society have with ill Designs been raised, and with great Art fomented, had not now obtruded himself on the Public; if Mr. Maty and his Partisans had kept themselves within the Bounds of Decency. But when he found himself in the Number of those, who had opposed the malignant Spirit of some, and the ambitious Views he traced in the Conduct of others, in Reviews and Pamphlets stigmatised with imputed Ignorance, and treated with affected Contempt; he felt an irresistible Impulse, to enquire into the very superior Merit, the Learning and Abilities of such as had arrogated to themselves so much, and allowed to those who had ventured to oppose their wild Career, so very little.

Dr. Horsley's Boast, that the little Junta, with which he was united, possessed a Majority of the Scientific Part of the Society, I did not like : when he talked of non-effective Members, I deemed the Language, like the Man, a Composition of Insolence. It is not the Language of Philosophers, but the arrogant Boast of inflated Vanity. it is a Language the Constitution of our Society does not know ; it implies a Distinction, the Statutes do not authorise. But when I came to Mr. Maty's Assertion, that five Sixths of the Scientific Part of the Society were in the Opposition ; I lost all Patience, and all Prudence too ; in a Determination to try the literary Merit of this Quintessence of the Learning and Abilities of the Royal Society, by a free Examination of those Specimens of it, which his own Works afford us.

What, because a Man has buried Newton in a bad Edition ; which, I call the two Universities to witness, is neither bought, nor read : and a little superficial pamphleteer has assumed the Province of general Criticism,
without

without critically understanding any one Language under Heaven, his Mother Tongue not excepted : is every Member of the Society, who does not abet their Measures, to be treated with Insolence ? Shall the one, who with all his Parade has not arrived at Mediocrity, or the other, who with all his plodding has not risen above it, arraign the Royal Society in their Aggregate ;* as forming at best the meagre Ghost of Philosophy, Shadows in that Society, destined——“ *explere numerum, reddique Tenebris ?*”

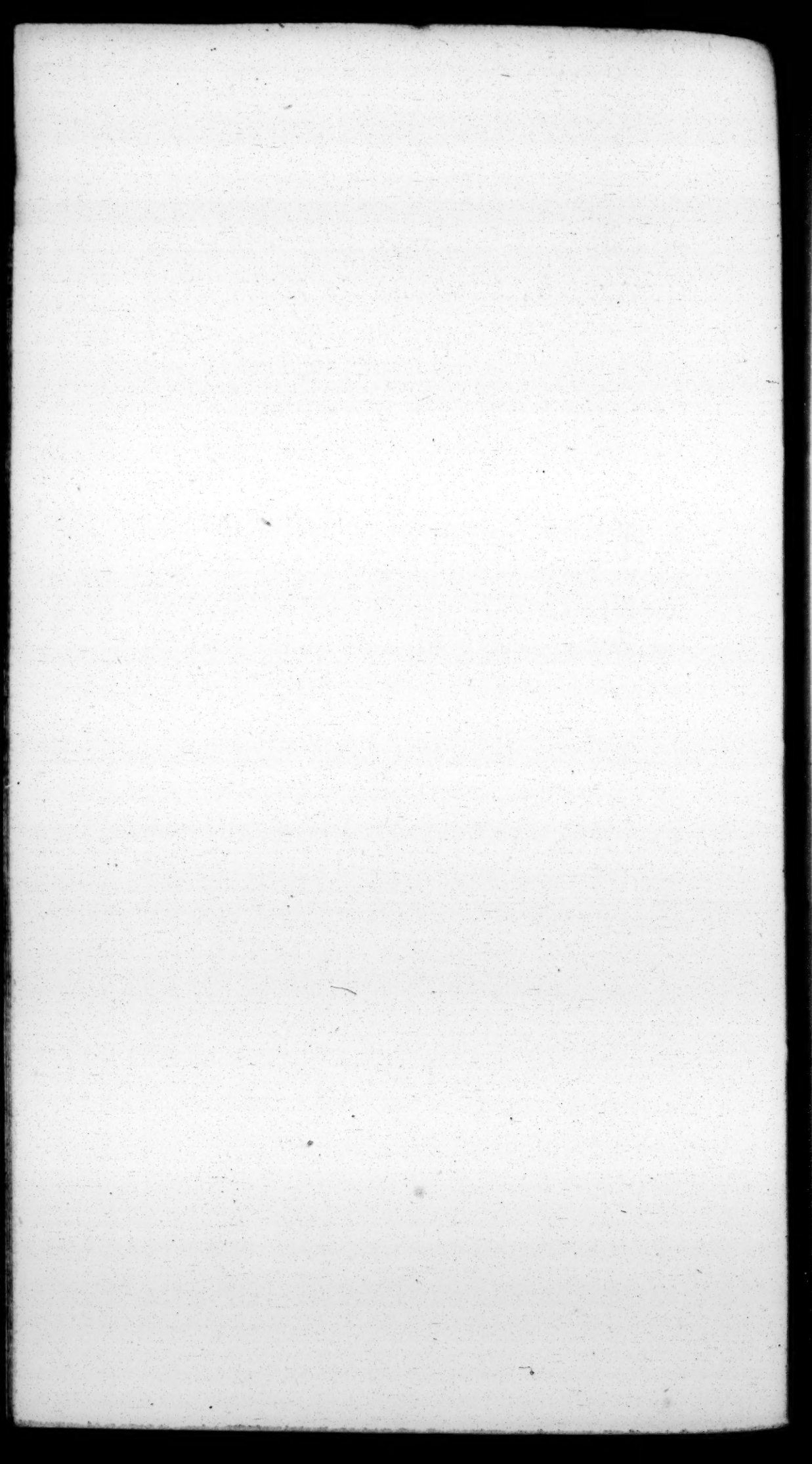
These Pages are not intended as a Defence of the general Conduct of the Society ; for their Conduct wants none : I intend no Compliments to the President ; for his literary Character stands on a broader Basis, than to need the

* *The Author thinks himself justified in this Expression ; as he believes the greatest Number that on any question voted with the Dissentients did not amount to more than forty-seven.*

Support

Support of any Individual: the Object, and the only Object of this Publication, is; if, as it has been asserted, five Sixths of the Learning, that resides in the Royal Society, be possessed by those who have opposed the Measures of the President and Council, to ascertain what Proportion of those five Sixths is claimable by Mr. Maty: and for this Purpose I have dipped into his Chef d' Oeuvre, MATY'S REVIEW. In that Publication the Reviewer hath assumed the Office of Critic general on all Works of Literature: he hath there undertaken to form the Taste of the Age; and to instruct his Readers in the Art of writing well, or at least of judging properly. And in what he undertakes to teach others, I think there is little doubt but he would endeavour to excel himself. In his Review therefore we may expect to find the highest Reach of his Abilities, and the utmost compass of his Learning. If he can refer me to better Proofs, if he can furnish me with truer Data, whereon to found his literary Merit; I will take my Ground agreeable

agreeable to his own Reference. Till then it is not unfair, to examine the Fabric of his Fame, as his own Hand hath raised it, in that Page, which is open to the Public Eye, and bears the Sterling Value of his Name.



CANONS of CRITICISM, &c.

MY Ambition has ever been to deserve well of Letters, and my Wish to benefit Mankind. Those Pursuits I have thought could not be more happily united, nor the Object more effectually obtained, than by giving the world a compleat System of Criticism. And this I have framed on the Works of a professional Man: and him, if he may himself be credited, a Genius of uncommon Size, and most consummate Learning.

It is a Maxim in Horfemanfhip, that before you are competent to diftinguifh a perfect Horfe, you muft have been well acquainted with every bad Point about a bad

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one,

one. If we admit the same Rule in writing, and it is not very inapplicable; a Man should be well acquainted with every Species of bad Writing; in Order to form his Taste in avoidance of such Defects, to a Habit of writing well. And considered in this view, the Work before us is the most complete Directory to good Composition, that any Author, ancient or modern, has yet produced: for I take upon me to assert, that every species of bad writing is to be found in Mr. MATY'S REVIEW.

In Point of Stile, to give every instance of disjointed Periods, and embarrassed Diction, that occur in this Author's Writings, would in Effect be to transcribe his Works. I shall therefore content myself with offering a Specimen, or two, which I dare say will abundantly satisfy my Reader; if not, I refer him for more Satisfaction to the original Work: a Work, which marks him for one of the most extraordinary Writers, that ever wrote to be understood. Parenthesis
within

within Parenthesis, one Limb of a Sentence distorted, and ano ther misplaced, these “ infames scopulos” of Composition the Reader, who, from the Instances I shall give, may have curiosity to refer to the Work at large, will have abundant Occasion to remark, and will thereby learn to shun.

In Proof of these Assertions, the following Exemplifications, which on occasionally dipping into my Author were among the first Passages that occurred, I beg Leave to submit to the Reader’s Judgment, if his Taste will suffer him to hobble through them.

Exemplification 1.] “ The great Misfortune
 “ (his own Shame, and perhaps in some
 “ Measure that of his *Host*’s, [his Host,]
 “ was, that in acquiring the secondary Arts
 “ of Government, he entirely omitted to
 “ profit by the Example before his Eyes of
 “ the first; that more insensible in some
 “ important Respects, than the poor Rus-
 “ sian whom he sent to Italy for Instruc-
 B 2 “ tion,

“ tion and who, out of honest Prejudice
 “ in Favour of his Country, refused to go
 “ out of his Room all the time he staid there
 “ [i. e. in his Room] he could return from
 “ Holland, and even from England, with-
 “ out Decency, without Religion, without
 “ even common Humanity, that being to-
 “ tally destitute of these, his first Step at
 “ his Return was to imitate the cruelties of
 “ Ivan.” May, 1782. Art. 1. The Sentence,
 except in one or two Instances, does not of-
 fend against Grammar and Sense: but that
 the Frame and Texture of it is awkward
 and embarrassed, that it is a Specimen of
 execrable composition, requires no Ingenu-
 ity to prove.

Exemp. 2.] “ How it comes, for so it is,
 “ and to deny the Truth serves no Cause,
 “ despicable as the Character of the Game-
 “ ster in the extreme is, many Men posses-
 “ sed of some Virtues, Henry the IVth of
 “ France for Instance, have been tainted
 “ with it to a certain Degree.” Sept. 1783. Art. 7.

Exemp.

Exemp. 3.] “ Leaving therefore the Doc-
 “ tor’s Politics to be excused, if they need
 “ it, by his private Life, and the Testimony
 “ of all who have seen him nearly;
 “ what, though not given to praise living
 “ Men, must I be allowed to ask, what
 “ must be the Feelings of him who knows,
 “ by the rise of his own Society, and the
 “ Dissolution of those he has opposed, that
 “ numbers of Orphans and Widows have
 “ Reason to bless the Day, that he applied
 “ himself first to Mathematics.” May 1783. Art. 7.
 I guess at my Author’s Meaning; and only
 beg to observe to my Reader, for whose
 Use this System of Criticism is composed,
 how happily that Meaning is expressed.

Exemp. 4.] “ In the first Place then, as
 “ every Translation is a Composition in
 “ English, intended for English Readers,
 “ who may be supposed to be some of
 “ them Persons of Taste, who understand
 “ no Language but their own; the first
 “ Thing required in it is, that it be En-
 “ glish

“ glish, both as to the Words and the
 “ Idiom.” June, 1782. Art. 18. What an Ear
 must the Man possess, who can hobble in
 his Composition through such a Period as
 this ! The Language is to the Tune of a
 lame Fidler : inharmonious as his Music, and
 halting like him in step. But the Sound is
 not the worst Part of the Sentence : I am
 woefully afraid, it is not more defective in
 Sound than Sense. That *what is intended*
for English Readers, who understand no Lan-
guage but their own, should be in English, is a
 Proposition, that forces our Assent ; and
 John Bull wants not the Powers of Rheto-
 ric, to make it appear to him truer or
 plainer than it is. But that *every Transla-*
tion is a Composition in English, even John
 Bull, who may have heard of other Lan-
 guages, though he knew none but his own,
 will be apt to doubt. Every Translation a
 Composition in English !—In the Name of
 Wisdom, Mr. Maty, how do you make that
 out ? I am sure you know better : it is in
 Proof, that the Critic on Mr. Wodhull’s
 Tran-

Translation of Euripides is well apprised, that there are such Things as *Latin* Translations. And I may venture flatly to assert, that every Translation is no more a Composition in English, than that every Critic is acquainted with any one Language under Heaven.

So much for the Beauties of Stile : in decanting on which the Reader will observe, I have slid into other Matter of Criticism ; which in my subsequent Reflections I now prepare to pursue.

“ *Αναγκης γαρ αμοιβος απασης και ατελης η*
 “ *τεχνη*. For Talents are of their Nature
 “ free, and know nothing of the Empire
 “ of Necessity.” April, 1782, Art. 4.] A happy Instance this of loose Translation: in which the Author, knowing the Meaning of a Word or two, guesses at the rest. The direct Translation is, “ for *Science* is
 “ free from all Necessity and Obligation.”
scnts, is not the English of *τεχνη*; nor
 does

does the Sentence contain any thing, that has the Shape of *Empire* in it. But so full are your Colleague's Head and your own of Empire and Dominion; that the Idea involuntarily bolts out, and marks your Translation with a wretched Pleonasm.

Now with what Face shall such a Translator assume to himself the Privilege of censuring others: and of calling, quasi ex Cathedrâ, Mr. Wodhull to Account, for his *sad* Translation of Euripides? "The *saddest* Translation of all however, says, "this wonderful Critic," is the following "Chorus of Electra:

"Quicken thy lingering Feet, O Time:
"Begin, my Friends, begin the plaintive Strain."

"In the first Place I believe, the Meaning
"of the first Verse is,

"Hasten your Steps, the Hour is come."

July

July, 1782. Art. 4.] Believe, as you please, literary Sir: Your Criticism confirms me in the Opinion, that you have not a great deal of Greek in your Head. The original Passage is,

Συρτείν, ὦρα, ποδὸς ὀρμῶν. The Latin Translation is,

Intende, Tempus *est*, Pedis Impetum: Your's is plainly a Translation of the Latin Translation; Wodhull's is from the original Greek. Mr. Wodhull, the Translator of Euripides, is right; and you, the Translator of the Translator of Euripides, are flagrantly wrong. Electra, addressing Time, bids him fly on with all speed over this hour of Melancholy. And then, apostrophising to her Friends, she proceeds: “ὦ ἔμβα, &c. Will not the ingenious Reviewer now retract his Assertion, “that every Translation is a Composition in English?”

“As never, during the whole Course of
“my Life, did I make to Edward Hoch-

©

“wolgeh

“ wolgeb a Request, which he did not
 “ comply with” Oct. 1783. Art. 6.] Would
 not a Man conceive, that this was the for-
 mal Address of one Quaker to another? But
 nothing less: it begins a Letter from a po-
 lite and well-bred Man of the World, to
 a Friend, a Man of Fashion, equally with
 himself well-bred, who had lived in Courts,
 and been trained up in Habits of Politeness.
 Would not a Man of common Taste be
 hurt at Edward Hockwolgeb: which occurs
 again towards the close of this short Letter?
 No Man, but our stupendous Critic, could
 have so egregiously blundered. Taste would
 have corrected any other Man’s Ignorance
 of Language: and taught him, that Ew.
 Hochwolgeb, whatever it might import,
 could not in that Place signify Edward
 Hochwolgeb. And a very little Acquaint-
 ance with the Language, in which he pre-
 tends to play the Critic, would have taught
 him, that instead of plain Edward Hoch-
 wolgeb, Ew. Hochwolgeb was the com-
 mon

mon Address of a Man of Rank, and signified *your Lordship*.

In Letter the 5th of the same elegant Writer, who would expect to find ; “ yes, “ Friend of my Heart, when this shall come to your Hand, *it will be all over with me.* ” Surely this is Language, a Parish Clerk would be ashamed of. *It is all over with my dear Lord*, is a Phrase, that scarcely comports with the Dignity of stile which might be expected from an antiquated Nurse.

“ Οἱ δὲ τὰς πληγὰς ὁρῶντες, ὡς ἐτυπλον, οἱ ξένοι,

“ Χρυσίῳ τῶν ταύλα ποιρνῶν ἐβυσαν τὸ σωμα ;

“ Ὡς ἐκεῖναι μὲν πωρῆσαι πλῆσιαι.

“ But the Foreigners observing the Mischiefs, which they [the Orators] affected, stopped their Mouths with Gold, which they distributed in great Abundance.” Oct. 1783. Art 7. The Reader has

in the preceding Article seen our Reviewer’s skill in the German Language: and he has

also had Occasion to admire his Knowledge of the Greek; of which those three Lines of Aristophanes, and the Translation of them, add one illustrious Instance more.

The Reviewer is in the first Place to be informed, *σους* is not a Greek Word; *σωμα* is a Body, and *στομα* is a Mouth: I suppose he meant the latter. In the next Place I must add, there is a great deal of Difference between the English Word *affected*, which is, and *effected*, which ought to have been his Translation. And as to the last Member of the Sentence; Aristophanes says one Thing, and he guesses another. The Poet says, as the Reviewer supposes him to have written, *in Order to make them Neighbours*: but, as he really did write, *in order to make them rich*; *πλοσις*, not *πλησις*: the Reviewer says, *which they distributed in great Abundance*; a Translation this neither of Aristophanes himself, nor of the Words he has learnedly put in his Mouth; but very wide of both. Who

is your Printer : who your Corrector of the
 Press : or who is the Doer of such a
 Review ?

“ My Mother sinks to the dark Realms of Light. ”

June, 1782. Art 18.]

This is a very pretty Phrase, and much in the
 Style and Manner of our Reviewer : but the
dark Realms of Light, imply a Degree of
 Contradiction, ascribable neither to Wod-
 hull, nor Potter. I conceive therefore the
 Verse should stand,

My Mother sinks to the dark Realms of Night.

On this Passage descants our incom-
 parable Critic. “ Query if Maia be
 “ not softer and tenderer, than Mother;
 “ something more like our Word, which is
 “ so charming in the Mouth of a young
 “ Child, Mama.” Both Potter and Wod-
 hull have used the Word, *Mother*. Let us
 however try what will be the effect of Mr.
 Maty’s Emendation.

My

My *Mama* sinks to the dark Realms of Night.

What a happy Thought! And then substituting *de* for *the*, and the Liquid *Light* for *Night*, which will run off very prettily from a Child's Mouth, the Passage presents us with that sweet, harmonious, elegant Figure, the NAMBYPAMBEISM.

“ What is to become of an English
 “ Reader, who depends upon me for In-
 “ formation about what he is to export from
 “ Rome?” Dec. 1783 Art. 3.] Just what be-
 falls the Man, who shall depend on you for
 any Thing like Information, importable
 either from antient Greece, modern Ger-
 many, or any other Region of the Earth.
 If however we may suppose Books, as they
 seemingly are, be the Exportation alluded
 to: as a Friend to your literary Reputation,
 of which you have not much to lose, let
 me advise you to export to Rome, or any
 Part of the World where they may never
 more be heard of, every Copy that can be
 collected of MATY'S REVIEW. In the
 mean

mean Time, instead of transcribing and translating foreign Reviews, the chief and almost sole Ingredients of your own ; study the Language, your *Maia*, or *Mama* taught you ; and learn the Difference between *export* and *import*.

“ Maffei indeed thinks that Pythagoras
 “ was an Etruscan ; and Dempster seems
 “ not to be quite sure, that the Art of
 “ *breathing* was not *invented* by them.”
 Feb. 1782. Art 8.] This was indeed a Secret
 worth discovering. What would Prometheus not have given, to have been Master
 of it ! He fashioned in inanimate Clay “ the
 “ human Face Divine :” he gave the Hair
 to flow, and the snowy Bosom to rise : but
 alas ! the Work of the Grecian Master went
 no farther. What Pity, that so useful an
 Art so soon after the original Invention
 should have been lost ! For had it existed
 even in the Time of Xerxes, instead of
 blubbering because in fifty Years the im-
 mense Army he commanded would be no
 more ;

more; he had but to have sent to Tuscany for some Practitioners in the Art of breathing, to repair the Havock that Time and war were making. Lord LEICESTER, Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, and all ye venerable Associates in the Investigation of recondite Antiquity, doth no Columnal Inscription record this happy Invention, no Etruscan Vase bear Traces of this long lost Art: but is the grand Arcanum lost for ever?

The Art of breathing, is the Art of living: hear this, ye members of the SCAVOIR VIVRE. To have the Lungs taught to play for ever; while the Palate *eternally* riots on Venison and Turtle, and immortal Hebe serves round the brisk Champaign, mocking at the Terrors of Disease and Death:—there is Luxury in the Idea. And as, whatever has existed, may exist again: when the threatened Secession from the Royal Society of its Pillars, its Support, takes Place under the Auspices of the profound Dr. Horsley:

they: I beg Leave to recommend to their first Attention the Recovery of this long lost Art, this grand Defideratum in Human Nature, *tha Art of breathing*. And in that august Society when the Doctor, (for the Doctor is a pushing Man, and in Spite of MASKELYNE'S Abilities, and the respectable Character of MASERES, will have the upper hand) shall take the Chair; Mr. MATY, whose Acuteness set the Enquiry on Foot, shall have my Interest for equal Honours at the SCAVOIR VIVRE.

“ Finding himself preferred to a Journey-
 “ man Hair-dresser, he determined to go
 “ to Paris.” June 1782. Art, 27.] The Cause,
 here assigned for ROUSSEAU'S Determina-
 tion to leave a comfortable Situation, an or-
 dinary Reader would suppose a very whim-
 sical one; for he does not appear by “ his
 Confessions,” to have had so much of the
 JOSEPH in him, as to run away from a fond
 Mistress because he stood first in her Favours.
 Whimsical enough he was: but not quite

so wild as Mr. Maty would represent him. For the direct contrary of what, our *faithful* Translator hath asserted, determined Rousseau to leave Savoy, and go to Paris. *Finding a Journeyman Hair-dresser preferred to himself, says my Original, he determined to go to Paris.*

Yet this is the Gentleman, who with a Facility in Blundering peculiar to himself, or an Ignorance of the French Language, which would ruin the Credit of the most unqualified Teacher about Town, tenders his Services to the Public, as a Professeur de Langues, at the moderate Price of half a Guinea a Lesson.

• “ This is a Kind of gentle Philippic.”
 June, 1782. Art. 13.) Pray, Sir, do you know the Meaning of a Philippic? Certainly: you have read Demosthenes: but it might have been so long ago, that you have forgotten him. You have read Cicero: who adopted the Title of Demosthenes’s acrimonious Harangues against Philip; and called

called his equally severe Orations against Anthony, Philippics. And from these Orators every severe, pointed, acrimonious Harangue hath to this Day obtained the Appellation of a Philippic. But from the excellent Critic, whose Works I have taken upon me to elucidate, we now first hear of a *gentle Philippic*. This is a Rhetorical Figure, called the *Contradictio terminalis*: which, though not to be found in Farnaby, nor once mentioned by Aristotle or Quintilian, is in frequent Use with Mr. Maty.

“Dionysius Halycarnassus tells us.”
 April, 1782. Art. 2.] This Misnomer I find used by our Reviewer in more Places than one. But the Scholar, who knew Dionysius was the Author's Name, and Halycarnassus his Country, would undoubtedly write Dionysius of Halycarnassus, or the Halycarnassian. What would a Reader think of POPE ENGLAND, or BOILEAU FRANCE?

We have a Variety of Reviews, such as the Monthly, the Critical, and others: but

Mr. Maty resolved on a *new* one, stiled emphatically MATY'S REVIEW : which was to be devoted solely to Works of real Merit and Erudition. It contains in each Number somewhat less than a hundred Pages : and in Dec. 1782, Art. 6,] twenty-three Pages out of that Number are employed on a Work entitled L'Ami des Enfants by Mr. Barquin. If the Reader will not believe me, that it ranks low as the lowest of Mr. Newbury's Publications for little Masters and Misses, (I judge from Mr. Maty's own Extract from it;) in Punishment for his Incredulity let him read the Reviewer's Critique upon it. The Publication, we are told, consists of little detached Stories *adapted to Children's Capacities* : and to those are added some *little Dramatic Pieces*. One Mr. Maty has *selected* ; and tells us, he has taken the Pains *to alter* : (worthy Employment for the Secretary of the Royal Society !) and in this Number he presents us *with the Original, and his Translation* of it.

I see

I see by the Reader's Looks he scarcely believes my Representation of a Work, on which this Coloffus of modern Critics hath bestowed so much Pains. Take then a Specimen of it transcribed from Mr. Maty, not the worst Extract, but the very first that lay open before me.

Scene I. *Henry and Richard.*

Dick. Harry.

Hen. What do you want ?

Dick. Do my Exercife.

Hen. What, is it not yet done ? What have you been about all the Morning ?

Dick. I have been with Dick Brisk, *shy-ing at his* Cock.

Hen. And fince Dinner ?

Dear Mr. ——— ordered Papa never to read juft after Dinner : he fays it fpoils Digestion.

H. Wonderful ! And pray why don't you fet about it now ?

D. The

D. The Writing Master's coming.

H. Coming—he is not coming yet. But when the Writing-Master's gone, you have got the whole Evening to do it in.

D. No, that I have not; for the Miss O——'s are coming to drink Tea with Harriot.

H. They are not coming to drink Tea with you.

D. No, but Harriot will say, I am sulky; if I don't play with them, and there can't be a Verse done.

H. Well, what is it to me whether there is or not?

D. And then I shall be flogged. I did not think you had been such an ill-natured Fellow.

H. Because I can't do all your Business and my own too. Where is this Exercise?

D. Up Stairs, I'll go and fetch it: Or do you come up. Here's Harriot coming; don't say any Thing to her.

The End of Scene the First.

Well,

Well, Reader; are you satisfied? Satisfied from this Specimen, that Mr. Maty is a Man of the nicest judgment, and the truest Taste, that ever sat in the Chair of Longinus? Nay, if you are still so incorrigibly blind to the Elegance of Taste, which Mr. Maty possesses; read the following Article of Literary Intelligence: and tell me if such a Communication be not well worthy the Ears and Eyes des Scavans. “ A Man *has*
 “ *received* a thousand Guineas, *subscribed* to
 “ walk across the Seine in Clogs of his own
 “ Invention; and another petitions to be
 “ allowed to throw himself into a great
 “ Fire, *Body and Breeches*, and promises
 “ that neither Body or even Breeches shall
 “ be hurt.” Dec. 1883. Pag. 491.] The Matter, as I observed, is curious: but not less so, than the Manner in which it is related. In the first Place, the Man is mentioned as *having received* the thousand Guineas; which, in the very next word we are told, were only *subscribed*, and, I may venture to pronounce,

nounce, never were, or will be paid. My Dear Maty, there is a deal of Difference between *subscribing* and *paying*: a Difference which should you ever be wild enough to publish your Works by Subscription, and previously give a Specimen of them, I am very apprehensive you might experimentally learn. In the next Place, who is to walk across the Seine, is a Matter of Ambiguity: he of plain Sense will *guess*, the Man; but the Grammarian will say, *the Guineas*. This is a kind of *literary* Intelligence, accommodated only to make the Duftman stare, and set a Kitchen Group a laughing.

The Reviewer's Abilities in Translation are already so well known; the following Instance will add little to his Fame. In a Translation he has given of a pretty Italian Sonnet, we meet with this beautiful Passage: "The Sicilian Virgin was struck all of a Heap with Affright." May, 1784. Art. 3.] It is really enough to *strike a Man*, who has
any

any Sense of Propriety, *all of a Heap* with Surprise, to see such Stuff retailed to the Public under the assuming Title of a literary Review. If every Translation be, as our Reviewer hath asserted,* a Composition in English; what Pity is it, that every Translator should not study the Idiom of so universal a Language! The Italian is, *tutta in se si strinse*, “she quite shrunk within herself:” the Phrase in the Original is elegant; in our Reviewer’s Translation, low and vulgar, beneath Criticism, and almost below Contempt.

“They have done their do.” Dec. 1783. Art. 6.]
 What is a Foreigner to make of such English as this? Speaking of *roasted, boiled, and fried*, when Meats are dressed enough, the Cook will tell you, *they are done*: and when Dolly puts out her Kitchen Fire, she may say, *it has done its do*. And if you, Mr. Reviewer,

* See Canons of Criticism, Page 5.

have, copied the Phrase from an Epistle of Dolly to her Inamorato, (no *feeble Amateur*) and your learned Friend; confess, and I'll forgive you.

“ *What* from the Loss of Children, *what* from the Bloody War with the Tartars:” June, 1783. Art. 2. And again, “ *What* from the “ Addition of Prints, and *what* from Typo- “ graphical Luxury:” &c. These Vulgarisms may be used in Conversation by the most illiterate of the People; but surely never found a Place in any Scripture whatever, till adopted by Mr. Maty. I would therefore recommend it to him, to frame some new Rules of Grammar; or to learn to form his Style according to the old ones.

“ As there is no antient History so interesting to us, as that of the Struggle *with* “ Tyranny and Fanaticism, by which the “ Dutch gained their Independence, &c.” Apr. 1783, Art. 2.] Permit me, Mr. Reviewer, to ask an obvious Question: viz. Who, or
what

what it was, that struggled with Tyranny and Fanaticism: the Dutch; no: Dr. Watson, who gave the Account of it; no; in Truth nothing. The Struggle was not *with* Tyranny and Fanaticism: but *between* them. Periods so embarrassed, Sentences so maimed and ungrammatical, Nonsense so offending, occur in every Review; that I would earnestly recommend it to you to tack to every Number a Sheet of Elucidations. You have Friends at Hand, whose Jog-trot Genius will suffice for this Department: even the Archdeacon himself has been worse employed.

“ In coming out of COLMENAREZ, thus
 “ spoke the Bee to the Cuckow.” March,
 1783. Art. 2.] COLMENARES the Reader, will
 perhaps suppose to be some Province in
 Spain: or City, or Town, or Village, or at
 least the Seat of some Grandee. What
 does Mr. Maty intend his Readers should
 take it for? What does he conceive it to be
 himself? He, good Man, conceives nothing

at all about it; and therefore gives them the Word just as he found it; leaving them to find out, that COLMENAREZ was neither a Province, nor a Town, nor any thing more than a *Beehive*.

Feb. 1783. Art. 14th.] “*Account of*
“ *a Bengal Grammar, by Na-*
“ *thaniel Brassey Halhed.*”

“ Had I not for a long Time intended
“ to publish a *first* Number, for which I
“ reserved it, I should long ago have ta-
“ ken Notice of this Publication.” First
Number of what? Tell me, gentle Reader,
and “eris mihi magnus Apollo.” Let me
consider—What?—There is nothing to con-
sider:—but it is affirmable, that from the
Author’s Words it is impossible to investi-
gate his Meaning. That he has one, I have
no Doubt: but he has a peculiar Knack in
so expressing himself, that no one shall be
able to find that Meaning out.

Nov.

Nov. 1783. Art. 7.] “ I think this Perform-
 “ ance critical, ingenious, entertaining,
 “ likely to be useful, and promising in the
 “ future Volumes (*for* I own I do not see
 “ great Signs of it in the present) to be ori-
 “ ginal, and to entitle to the Praise, which
 “ the Author thinks slightly of, contented,
 “ two easily perhaps with that of Children,
 “ the Praise of Reviewers.” March, 1783. Art. 2.]
 This is an excellent Exemplification of the
 Trope contradictory. The Reviewer thinks
 the Performance will in the future Volumes
 be ingenious, entertaining, and ethical, &c.
 and for this incomparable Reason, *because*
 he does not see great Signs of it in the pre-
 sent. So much for such Part of the Sen-
 tence as is intelligible. But it has other
 Merit: the latter Part of it is confused, be-
 yond the Power of common Criticism to ex-
 plain. I leave it therefore to the Eluci-
 dation of better Decyphers than myself.

Mr. Bonner's Natural History, being en-
 tirely in our Author's Line, affords him an
 Oppor-

Opportunity of shining with proper Lustre: whatever he may hitherto appear to have done. He is Principal in the Charge of Natural History in the British Museum; and the Public will therefore do him the Justice to suppose, he is particularly well versed in that Line of Science, which from the Trust he is engaged in seems so peculiarly his own.

“ The Thistle a Bonnetier Caterpillar.”
 Nov. 1782. Art. 8.] This *Thistle* a Naturalist would as soon have called a Rose, as a Thistle: for it is as much the one, as the other. The French Language describes in a Periphrasis, what in this Instance the English expresses in a single Word: the Chardon a Bonnetier is simply the TEAZLE; and the Insect of Course, the Teazle Caterpillar.

“ The Anthon sowed Back Wheat at one
 “ and the same Time in these different
 “ Matters, i. e. pure Moss, dry Plaister,
 “ Bark

“Bark of Leather, Sand, Cotton, Shavings
of a New Fir, &c.” Nov. 1782. Art. 8.]

What Kind of Plaister it was, in which the Experiment was made, the Reviewer seems to have taken due Pains to discover. It was certainly neither Cerat, nor Basili-con; for they cannot properly be called dry Plaister: Suppose then the Emplastrum mercuriale, or Diachylon: do not they come nearer Mr. Bonnet's Description of dry Plaister? Mr. Maty in a Note tells us, he had turned over his Dictionaries on the Occasion; (and what could an ignorant Man do more?) but he doubted the Dictionaries having given him the right Translation.* Never fear: I'll take the Dictionary's Word for a thousand Pounds against such a Ghost of a Reviewer. Not only the Dictionaries, but every old Woman, who has any pretensions to French, will tell you the English

* Plastras: but I doubt the Dictionaries having given me the right Word.

MATY's Review.
of

of *Platras* is neither mercurial Plaister, nor Diachylon ; but Rubbish, or dry Plaster.

If it puzzled Mr. Maty to make out, what *Platras* signified : I was no less perplexed to discover, what Mr. Maty himself meant by *Bark of Leather*. I supposed it to be a metaphorical Flourish of that ingenious Writer, denoting the *outside of the Skin*, or *Hair*. But the Word *Leather* not properly comporting with the Hide or Skin, till after it had been tanned ; I was led to think it might mean the Scrapings of *Leather*, after it had come under the Currier's Hands. But still, dissatisfied with my Interpretation of the Term, I referred to the Original : and there learned, that Mr. Bonnet had very clearly expressed his Meaning in the Word, *Tan* ; which I presume every body, but Mr. Maty, knows is *Tanner's Bark*, and not *Bark of Leather*.

Shavings of a new Fir. Several of Mr. Bonnet's Experiments with his Buck Wheat
seem

seem whimsical; but this the most whimsical of any. Shavings of *new Fir*.—why he might as well have laid the Seed on a *new Fir Floor*. However, Mr. Bonnet did no such Thing: he sowed it not in *Shavings of new Fir*, but in *Green Fir Saw-dust*.

From the preceding Remarks it will appear, our Reviewer has not been very successful in the vegetable World: we will now attend him to the animal System; and see if he can regain his Reputation there.

“ The first Treatise in the first Volume
 “ is called *Traité d’Insectologie, ou Ob-*
 “ *servations sur les Pucerons, and sur quel-*
 “ *ques espèces de Vers d’eau douce &c. i. e.*
 “ A Treatise on Insectology, or Observa-
 “ tions on *Grubs*, and certain Species of
 “ Worms living in *soft* * Water.” Nov 1782.
 Art. 8.] *Pucerons, Grubs!*—this comes of
 guessing. The Reviewer happening to know,
 that *Vers d’eau douce*, signified *Worms that*

* *Soft* for *fresh*. A new Species of the Metonymy: by which the most improper Signification of a Word, the Dictionaries will furnish, is put for the true and proper one: Provided the Water be fresh, Mr. Bonnet’s Worms have no Objection to it, whether it be hard or soft.

lived in soft, or, according to the vulgar Mode of speaking, *fresh Water*, took it for granted, that Pucerons must signify Insects that lived in *soft Earth*, and called them Grubs. Whereas, having a Dictionary at his Elbow, and knowing as he has already assured us,* how to make use of it; if he had looked out Puceron he would have been able to tell his Readers, that Mr. Bonnet's *Pucerons* were not *Grubs*, but Insects of a very different Species, the *Aphides*, or Lice of Plants.

“ Polypusses, it is known, have seven “ Heads.” Nov. 1782. Art. 8.] One would have supposed the great Naturalist of the British Museum had been describing the Lernaean Hydra. I should have as soon supposed the Polypus had seventy Heads, as seven : and if those Heads were no better than our Reviewer's, I am sure they are not worth a Groat a Gross. It has seven Tentacula, as Naturalists term them : but how came Tentacula to signify Heads ? They have in the Polypus the Properties of

* See Canons, &c. Page 31.

Arms: and such, when the Word is Anglicised, they are always called.

In describing the Canna, which Kolbe supposes to be a Species of the Rein Deer, our Reviewer styles it “ one of the largest *Web footed* Animals.” July, 1782. Art. 11.] The Reader will of Course expect to find it only on the Banks of Rivers, or the Sea Shore: and will be curious to hear of some of its Pranks, as of plunging into the Stream to elude its pursuers, or seeking the Bottom of the Sea. For, in the Works of Creation, we know the Use of webbed feet is to assist the Animal in swimming; and as assuredly we know, that the Author of Nature confers on his Creatures no Properties that are not of Use; or, in other Words, does nothing in vain. What then shall we say, at finding the *Web-footed* Canna, in the interior Parts of Africa, ranging through Forests, and over parched Heaths; regardless of Rivers, Lakes, and Seas? Hath it eloped from the Station which its wise Creator assigned It? Instinct never

deviates thus : it is only the Beast of Reason, that is subject to such Eccentricities. Man is the only irregular Part of the Creation: he is continually starting from the Post assigned him; ever changing, and ever dissatisfied. One, destined by Nature to conduct a Puppet-Show, and direct the Movements of the wooden Personages of the Drama at Will, the little Tyrant of a country Barn, flies from his proper Station, aiming at higher Things; and in superior Assemblies pines for that Rank and Consequence, to which he is not entitled, and for which he was never designed. Another, meant to attend that Puppet-Shew, to blow the Trumpet, and distribute the Hand-Bills, flounces from his Station too; commences natural Philosopher, Critic General, and Reviewer. But no such Irregularities are chargeable on our honest Canna: for he is a *Cloven-footed* Animal, and not *Web* footed.

“ The Livery Snail, so called from its
 “ Party Colours, being taken in its nest,
 “ and

“ and placed in a Window, wove a filken
 “ Web, &c.” Nov. 1782. Art. 8.] A Snail
 wove a Web!—for a Snail a very extra-
 ordinary Operation this truly. But might
 not our Author, who is certainly not the
 most correct Writer in the World, be guilty
 of some little Inaccuracy here ! Might not
 some Caterpillar have woven the Web ; and
 the Snail, with its bituminous Matter, have
 flimed it over ! And then if this Snail could
 breathe warm Air, which I do not take
 upon me to say it did, but it was as likely
 to have done it, and in large Quantities too,
 as to have woven a Web ; filling the Web
 so constructed with Air piping hot from its
 own Lungs, this curious Reptile furnishes
 us with the Idea of a perfect Air Balloon.
 By the Nautilus we are said to have been
 taught the Art of sailing : and why might
 not Montgolfier have learned the Art of
 soaring in the Air from the Chenille livrée ?
 Chenille, did I say ? And how came Che-
 nille to signify a Snail ? Ask Mr. Maty, de
 la

la Langue Françoise Professeur. It is true he called it so: but it was at a Time, when he knew no better. In the Month of November it was a perfect Snail; and as such lay full three Weeks unmolested in the Web, which the Reviewer had that Month so ingeniously woven for it: when an accidental Discovery, too late indeed to save our Critic's Credit, might have convinced him, that he was neither the completest Frenchman, nor most consummate Naturalist, that ever undertook to teach the French Language, or write Criticisms on Natural History. That such accidental Discovery set Things right in the next Month's Publication, in Justice to Mr. Maty I think it my Duty to observe: and in Honour of the Zeal and Attention of Mr. Maty's Friend, the Archdeacon of St. Alban's, the Reader I am sure will not be displeased to hear it explained. The Doctor in the warmth of Altercation had been told by a waspish Foreigner, that he was in the very
same

same Theatise sometimes a Neceffarian, and sometimes an Anti-Neceffarian, that in his Writing's he frequently contradicted his own Opinions, and destroyed the Force of his own Arguments, that he changed his Principles, and varied his Form, comme une Chenille. The Doctor applied to his Dictionary for the proper Meaning of the Word *Chenille*: and there found to his Surprise, that it was not a Snail, but a Caterpillar. On the Wings of Friendship he instantly flew to Mr. Maty: and in the next Month's Review was inserted: "*for Snail read Caterpillar.*"

Poor Bonnet, how hard thy Fate! treated with Neglect by the Carelessness of Dr. Hutton; and murdered by the Ignorance of Maty.

" His Voice is a little more masculine
 " than that of a Child of the same Size,
 " but he hardly speaks any thing but
 " Words,

“ Words, such as, yes, and no, good bye, I will, I wont,” June, 1783, Page 518.] And may I ask what the Reviewer himself speaks? Words, I humbly apprehend: though, if he speak as he writes, oftentimes I confess most unfortunately put together. Why what a Face of Wonder! You seem as much surpris’d at the Discovery, as the Man in the Play; who had been talking Prose all his Life, and did not know it. In your next Number, be sure to put the Printer in Fault; and tell us what you mean.

“ The undoubted, and most-likely-to-be Place of its Birth. June, 1784, Art. 5,] The Reader will here observe a complete Specimen of the Anti-Climax coupled with a most exquisite Word, spick and span new from the Reviewer’s own inexhaustible Mint. The Place, he tells us, was undoubted, and (something one would expect, more indisputably marking it, to follow; but no;) the

the Climax descends, and *most-likely-to-be*, succeeds the first Epithet's positive Assertion. I am ready to give all possible Credit to the exquisite Elegance of the compound Word; but must acknowledge my Doubts, whether, nervous, and harmonious, and transcendently beautiful as it is, it will compensate for the epithet's diminished Force.

“ That very growing Fashion of tying a
 “ large Portmanteau behind a lean Welch
 “ Poney :” Nov. 1783. Art. 8.] I am much mistaken, if that be not a very Irish Way of doing it. I have seen a Portmanteau placed behind a horseman : and I have heard of a Cart before a Horse : but never of a Portmanteau being fastened *behind a Horse*, till now.

“ He should not conceive the Royal
 “ Society to be a Ghost, if Priestley sat in
 “ the Chair of Newton.” July 1784. Art. 7.]

The Reader will be pleased to compare this with March 1784, Art. 17. “ That

G

“ Toy

“ Toy upon the Table, the Ghost of that
 “ Society, &c.” And according to this Ag-
 glomeration of fine Figures, all grafted on
 a Stock above a Century old, he will find
 the Mace was a Ghost of a Ghost. In truth,
 as will in its proper Place be evinced, he
 will find the *Imagery*, as our Reviewer calls
 it, which extorted from him the silly Ejacu-
 lations of Wonder and Adulation, was it-
 self but a Ghost of old Oliver ; and thus ana-
 lyfcd, with all the Critic’s *Imagery* and Hu-
 mour, will make a very ghostly Appearance.

“ I am repeatedly informed, there must
 “ be a due Portion of Matter, which calls
 “ for no Thought in every Review.”
 “ Apr. 1784. Art 26] It would be a much more
 desirable Piece of Information to the Read-
 er, could the Reviewer satisfy him on what
 Portion of every Review he has employed
 any Thought at all : for it is a general
 Complaint, that it is so lightly laid on, there
 appear not the slightest Traces of it.

“ How

“ How unfortunate it is for you and
 “ *I, &c.*” Apr. 1784. Page 309.] The Re-
 viewer makes nothing of breaking Prician’s
 Head; which he does in so gross and scan-
 dalous a Manner, as in a Boy of twelve
 Years old would merit the Chastisement of
 the Rod.

“ These, *some how or other*, by the Mini-
 “ stry of Eratosthenes, &c.” June 1784. Art. 8.]
Some how or other.—What an elegant and
 polished Phrase: how classical; how gram-
 matical!

And now for a Piece of Criticism above
 all Comprehension, and below all Notice.
 No, good Reader: I will not blot so much
 Paper, as to give it you. But I refer you to
 it under the Article *Dissertation sur la Meil-
 leure Forme des Souliers.* Jan. 1784. Art. 14.]

“ What have you got to say now, Mr.
 “ Critic? Aye, Sir, what have you got to
 “ say now? Make a Motion, you *κυνος*
 “ *ομματ’* [b—st your Eyes you Dog]

“ make a Motion, and we will call for
 “ the question, &c. &c.”

If this Extract from the Article alluded to be not sufficient, usq. ad Nauseum: the Reader is apprised where to apply for a more copious Draught.

These Instances out of thousands, that this Author's Works will furnish in Proof of Ignorance and Illiterature which would disgrace a Man of common Education, mark in him, who makes Pretensions to superior Learning, sets himself up as a Judge of Literature, and builds his Fame, and even his Fortunes on it, intolerable Ignorance either of himself, or others. If he know not himself, he is an object of public Pity: if he do, he insults the Public, and merits their Resentment. I, however, have lived too long in the World, to be out of Humour with every Ass, that assumes the Lion's Port, and affects to roar: but when the silly Animal
 runs

runs wild, and kicks, as well as brays, he deserves a Flagellation.

But I must not yet take final Leave of my Reviewer: before I quit his monthly Labours, I beg to submit it to the Reader, if this Prime of the Scientific Boast of the Royal Society be not as unqualified to write common Sense on the most common Occasions; as he is, in the Capacity of a Critic, incompetent to review any Species of Literature above the Histories of JACK KETCH.

In Proof of this, behold the Author's Advertisement at the Head of his Work, soliciting the Assistance of the Public. I aver there is not an Auctioneer on the Long List in the Morning Papers, from Christie that deals in old Beds and Bugs, to Tattersal, who knocks down, with rival Dexterity, lame Horses and rotten Harness, from whom this Critic might not learn.

At the Bottom of his Frontispiece I find this Advertisement. " All Communica-
tions

“ tions, which the Author may reject without assigning a Reason, will be thankfully received.” The Reason why Communications would be thankfully received, from the Frame of the Advertisement one would suppose to be, in order that the Author might reject them without assigning a Reason. But the Implication of the Sentence is more general: it is a paraphrastic Declaration, that all Communications whatever will be thankfully received: for the Author will assuredly have it in his Power to reject any he pleases; the Communicator possessing no Right to call him to Account for such Rejection, either by any Process at Common Law, or by a Bill of Honour in the Court of Parnassus.

Of these different Constructions however the unfortunate Author of an *unfortunate Review*, (I use his own Words) meant neither the one or the other. A very short Insertion would have made Sense of the Advertisement, and expressed the Reviewer's

viewer's meaning. I will help him to it: though I will be answerable, the little Animal's Pride will not suffer him to adopt the Emendation on his next new blue Cover.

“ All Advertisements, which, without Offence to the Authors, the Reviewer may reject without assigning a Reason, will be thankfully received.”

Since the Reviewer's Resignation of the office of Secretary to the Royal Society, he has tried his Hand at another Advertisement, which is affixed to the Tail of his Review; and is to the following Purport.

“ The Writer of this Review, having resigned his office of Secretary to the Royal Society, has *still* one Hour of every Day, which he wishes to employ in affixing Gentlemen or Ladies, &c.” Does not the Word, *still*, I apply to the common

mon Discernment of every Reader, imply; that the Author by engaging in some *new* Employ had, *notwithstanding*, an Hour of the Day, in which he would be at Leisure to teach Masters and Misses their Lessons? But nothing is more foreign to his Meaning, than this. He has given up an employ, and so far from *still* having one Hour in the Day to spare, he has I suppose an Hour more to spare, than he had before. Some Men have a peculiar Facility in Blundering: happy Man! who in spite of Blunders, immense in Size, and infinite in Number, can plume himself on Abilities he does not possess: and, himself a shadow, has his Shadows too. One Thing however I must in Candour acknowledge in Favour of our Author's Work, and, though a Critic, I will assure my Reviewer, I am more fond of discovering Beauties, than detecting Faults, it boasts a Degree of uncommon Consistency; being throughout, *Body and Breeches*, and from Head to Tail, a Composition, that sets Grammar and common Sense at Defiance.

Having

Having thus far followed our Critic through a few of the multitudinous Instances of Ignorance and Illiterature, that occur in the Course of his Review; I should now have shaken Hands with him, had not a late Publication or two, by some attributed to Mr. Maty, by others to the joint-Labours of him and his Coadjutor the Archdeacon of St. Albans,* carried my Remarks somewhat beyond the Extent, to which my first Intentions had determined them: for in those I find both Words and Facts, that deserve particular Notice. But

* Others again have ascribed those Publications to a Triumvirate: of which the Archdeacon is the great Man, and no Doubt has great Views and great Resentments. This great Leader little Maty *sequitur non Passibus æquis*: he has his little Views and little Resentments. And, as according to the Canonists, “tres faciunt Collegium.”

Dr. Hutton is associated with them; and of little Consequence himself, I am sorry to find he has so little Sense too, as not to perceive that he has been made through the whole Business the Cat's-paw of others. This little Association, for the readier Dispatch of Business have, I am informed their distinct Departments: the great Doctor dictates, the little Doctor writes, and Mr. Maty on all dubious Occasions with due Diligence turns over the Dictionary.

H

before.

before I direct my Attention to Facts, I must not pass over the Reviewer's Critique on a Speech, *printed for Dr. Hoxsley's*: lying so directly as it does within the Province, I have in these Pages assumed. With undistinguishing Taste, what merits Ridicule, in that Piece of Oratory is by our judicious Critic most admired: and the whole Article puts me in Mind of Moliere's Medical Examination, Euge! Mirificè! Marveilleusement!

When I come to the "Toy on the Table," and hear the unlettered Critic's silly Exclamations; I know not whether, rather to regard with Pity his Ignorance of a Fact, with which every Girl that has read the History of England is acquainted; or with Resentment his Assurance, in palming it on the Public, as a Piece of original Humour. Does he not know, or can he think his Readers do not; that substituting *Toy* for *Bauble*, this marvellous Stroke of Wit is the trite Idea, and arch Ridicule of old Nol. In the Mouth of Oliver indeed, and
upon

upon the Occasion, on which he used the Allusion, it had, besides Originality, Aptness, Character, and real Humour: but as retailed by our Orator, it lost all its Flavour. The Critic never more misrepresents Dr. Horsley, nor the Public more widely err in their Estimation of him; than when they give him Credit for Imagination. The Doctor has a plodding Genius, and possesses a good strong Head: but is absolutely devoid of Imagination, Judgment, and Taste.

But if the Reviewer thus admire the Doctor's *Toy on the Table*; he is quite in Raptures with his *feeble Amateur*. Here however, dropping the Strain of Ridicule, may I seriously expostulate with the fluent Orator; and ask what he means by Terms so indecently applied? The Royal Society, Sir, was instituted for the Purposes of promoting knowledge. And the Man, who, though he may not have confined his Studies to any single Branch of Science, in his

large Grasp embraces Knowledge of every kind ; courting it, not for a pitiful Subsistence, but through real Love ; who devotes his Time and Fortunes to the glorious Pursuit ; cherishing and supporting in others the Love of Science, which he feels himself : he, Sir, is an Honour to the Royal Society, an Honour to any Society, to the first literary Society in the World. And if Men of this Description be the *feeble Amateurs*, whom the threatened Secession* shall desert : leave but a few such as these behind, and depend on it the Royal Society will flourish under Auspices so propitious ; when the Name of Horsley is forgotten, and Faction, with Maty, fled.

And can you, Mr. Reviewer, conceive your Rhapsody of general Admiration does due Honour to Dr. Horsley's Oration? Shame on such a lazy Critic ! You ought to have expatiated on the several Beauties

* See Authentic Narrative, Page 66.

it contained; and not have suffered a Particle of so rare a Composition to have passed unnoticed: to which, since you have neglected it, I will, pro viribus, endeavour to do Justice; (*how successfully, it must be for the World to say.*)

“ Dr. Horsley then rose, and spoke in the following Terms.

“ Mr. President,

“ Twenty Years are almost elapsed,
“ &c. &c.” *

Mark the Dignity of the Exordium: of which however those, who did not see the assumed Consequence of the Orator at the Moment, lose more than half the Beauty.

“ (It is for the World to say, how successfully.)” How pretty, how modest, how truly Ciceronian!

“ I have sitten in its Councils, I have borne one of its highest Offices, &c.” The Dr. hates Egotisms, so does Mr. Maty, so does every good Critic, and so do I.

* See Authentic Narrative, Page 36.

“ If

“ If I could confider the Motion, as a
 “ mere Compliment to the Prefident; ha-
 “ ving neither *Retrospect*, nor *Consequences*,
 “ I would be one of the foremoft to concur
 “ in it.” His conditional Acquiefcence
 in the Motion propofed, if I underftand
 the Orator, amounts precifely to this: *if*
the Motion of Approbation of the Prefident’s
Conduét had no Retrospect to his paft Conduét;
and the Refolution to fupport him in his Pre-
tensions extended to no future Pretensions; I
would do something, which amounts to no-
thing. This is neither a Metonymy, nor
 Metaphor; nor yet an Hyperbole: but a
 Kind of Figure much ufed by modern
 Orators, and fome modern Reviewers, and
 is denominated NONSENSE.

“ You would rather, Sir, that I fhould
 “ make your Plan of Government a Topic
 “ of publick Debate, [abufe] than that I
 “ fhould calumniate your Character in
 “ Private.” Can any thing pourtray a
 more open and ingenuous Mind, than this
 naked

naked Declaration? “ I am determinated,
 “ Sir, to load you with false and slanderous
 “ Charges: had you not therefore rather
 “ have them urged against you in public,
 “ than in private?.” Let not the Friends
 of our Orator say, he meant no such thing
 as *Slander*, when he used the Word *Calum-*
niate: our Orator would not thank them
 for excusing his Heart, at the expence of
 his Head. *High-minded* Men (an epithet
 the Dr. is fond of*) had much rather be
 called Knaves, than Fools. Nor is our
 Orator, though the greatest Mathematician
 in the Society, Mr. Maty excepted,
 so little versed in Languages, especially his
 own; as not to know, that *Calumny* sig-
 nifies a Slander, a *false* Charge; and to
calumniate, to charge *falsely* or to slander.†

“ At

* See Authentic Narrative, Page 50.

† The Dr. seems to have got into an unpleasant Situation: he must either acknowledge his Ignorance, or his Wick-
 edness; a Defect in Knowledge, or in Virtue. *Utrum*
Malit, accipiat. But indeed, while he can talk, in a
 Pamphlet partly his own Manufacture, and a Sentence
 which

“ At the present Season he [the President] neither needs Support, nor have
 “ the Society any Support to give him.”
 This is merely a Rhetorical Flourish. For the Orator, gentle Reader, knows as well as you or I, that three or four to one in the President’s Favour, on every Question that concerns him, are a constant Support, and Assurance, that his Measures by the Society at large are approved.

Respecting

which from certain Traits I conceive to be purely his own, “ of the Contempt thrown upon the Statutable Mode of
 “ Election, prescribed by *our Ancestors* ;” * [*our Ancestors in the Royal Society* :] his Ignorance of the Language will stand on Record, let him take Shame to himself, in the above Instance, on whichever of those Points he please. Or let him call in his Friend Maty; who, when himself a Servant of the Society, had the effrontery in exculpation of Dr. Hutton to assert, that he had carried for Six Months in his Pocket that very Letter, which the Dr. had been unjustly charged with Neglect in answering: cannot he take the Sentence now in Question on himself; his literary Character, after what has in the preceding Pages appeared, cannot greatly suffer; and thus do away the Charge of Ignorance on so great a Man?

* See History of Instances of Exclusion, Page 16.

Respecting the Smuggled Vote, meant to exculpate Dr. Hutton: the Orator acknowledges, "many had been asked to come down; but not asked for their Votes." Observe the Dexterity, with which the Charge of having taken the Society by Surprise is parried. "We asked our Friends only to come down: we did not ask them for their Votes; no no: for of those we were sure."

Talk not of dipping in the Liffe, the Shannon, or the Boyne: true Bronze is the Gift of Nature. Firm and collected under this Vizard of more than treple Brass, our Orator exultingly exclaims: "why was not I put to Shame and Silence, when standing on this Floor I averred, as I do still aver, that nothing worthy of Confidence could be laid to Dr. Hutton's Charge?" If Charges, that the Orator knew did lie against Dr. Hutton, if specific Charges, that were brought against him, Charges of Neglect, that, in Consequence of being

I specified

specified and proved, determined the Society at large to approve the Conduct of the President and Council, respecting the Order that produced Dr. Hutton's Resignation, could not put a Man, who averred what our Orator did aver, to Shame: if the frequent Interruptions he occasionally experienced from the loud and almost general Cry of "Order, Order, Shame, Shame;" if the less loud Reflections, on Conduct such as his, of "Scandalous," "infamous," which transpired through the Room, could not put a Man to Shame: the Orator's Question was a pertinent one; and interrogatively proves, according to the Socratic Method of arguing, that there are Men, whom nothing will put to Shame. O Face, Face; thou enviable Possession: thou first and last requisite, in the Formation of the finished Orator: respecting him before us, his Manner, his Harangue, thou totum in toto, et totum in qualibet Parte!

The Orator has in this Harangue frequently alluded to the President's Breakfasts:
which

which is truly Homeric. The old Greek never passed unnoticed an Opportunity of describing good eating and drinking: and as between Poetry, especially the Epic, and Oratory, there is a close Connection; no one will blame our Orator for following so great a Master. He intended no Censure on the President, for giving good Breakfasts; for indeed there lies none. The Orator has, ere now, given Breakfasts himself; and, I have been told, very good ones too: but that indeed was, before Dolly was advanced to higher Offices, than those of making Toasts, and spreading Bread and Butter.

“Chartered Rights,” are very good Words; whether used at the India House, or the Royal Soccity: in animated Harangues they are very ornamental too: and if our Orator’s frequent Repetition of them flatten on any ear; it is only because we have been so bored with them, ever since CHARLES FOX, Heaven forgive him! invaded a wealthy Company’s Chartered Rights in India. I was however never under any Concern about our own; guard-

ed as they are by a double Security: one, the Thunder of Dr. Horsley's Eloquence; the other, that the Society possesses neither Gold, nor Silver Mines, no Channels of Commerce, and few dirty Acres.

“ I must observe, that the Practice of Presidents hath hitherto been, never to sign any Candidate's Certificate.” The Orator says so: though he does not mean so. This, is a new Species of the Metonymy: by which a certain Form of Words is substituted for another Form of Words, expressing the direct contrary. The Figure is by Scholastic Disputants termed a *NE QUID VERI*; in polite Circles, where Beaux and Belles make and unmake Ministers at Will, teach Theologians Religion, and Generals how to fight, it is denominated an *UN-TRUTH*; by the Wranglers in Westminster-Hall it is stiled a *FALSITY*; and the eloquent Sisterhood at *Billinggate*, call it a *LIE*. We all know, and so does the Orator, that the President *does* sign the Certificates of Persons of the first Rank that are hung up. And the Custom, which has been observed by Presidents, of signing the Certificates *only* of such

such, hath prevailed in Compliment to the Dignity of the President, and not as a Bar to his Interference in Elections.

Our Orator finally closes his Harangue with a humble Attempt at Wit: a Species of Wit that suits his Genius, as it requires little of the Powers of Imagination. It consists in a ridiculous Speech, put into the Mouth of the Person, at whom the Harangue is pointed, the more ridiculous the better; a Speech which he did not use, which with Propriety he could not have used: and which from the apparent Absurdity, that, so applied, it carries with it, might have been received with Acclamations at Coachmaker's Hall; but would * have spoken Buffoonery in an Assembly of Philosophers, whose Ears are tuned only to the Voice of sober Truth.

Thus much for the *gentle Philip*; which our AUTHENTIC NARRATOR hath handed

* *Would have*: for alas! the greatest Part of this brilliant Oration, vamped up with so much Labour for the Press, was never spoken.

down

down to posterity, graven on the immortal Monument of his own Page. But there still lives in the Tablet of my Memory another Speech of the same great Orator: which, though not recorded in that Repository of brilliant Orations,

Si quid mea *Carmina* possint,

shall not sink into Oblivion: for nothing surely can drop from the Hyblæan Lips of so powerful an Orator, that does not deserve recording. By Way of Supplement therefore to the valuable Publication alluded to, far as my Memory serves me, it shall be mine in the glowing Tints of Criticism, emulative of Mr. Maty's Fame, to emblaze some few of the shining Passages, in that Oration, which struck me most: for the more clear Elucidation of which I must entreat the Reader's Indulgence, while I enter a little, and I will go but a little, into the Occasion of it.

Mr. Maty, for Mr. Maty can on some Occasions pretend to Feelings, who since
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the Resignation of Dr. Horsley had supplied the Place of Secretary to the Royal Society, conscious that his Conduct was inimical to the Interests of that Society, and notwithstanding determined to gratify his Resentment, however Science might suffer from the Confusion he contributed his Mite to create, thought he could with Decency no longer retain his Office; of which he therefore made a voluntary Resignation, and took his Seat on the Bench, close by Dr. Horsley: where the Reader might have seen the *Par nobile*, like the two Kings of Brentford, smelling on the same Nosegay, composed of Vanity and Adulation.

The above Resignation having made way for a new Election, Dr. Blagden was proposed as a Gentleman well qualified to fill the vacant Office. And publicly to assert his Right, the same Right that every other member of the Society claimed, of soliciting in Favour of the Person, he might think
best

best qualified, the Votes and Interest of his Friends, the President sent a circular Card to every Member of the Society; recommending Dr. Blagden, and requesting their Support of him at the ensuing Election.

The Reader, who may have heard of the *Dissentions* in the Royal Society, as they are misnamed, only in the Details of a little Faction, as they are there misrepresented, will be surpris'd to hear me talk of the President asserting his Right to an Indulgence, which every other Member claimed: but among other absurd, wild, and insupportable Motions, which the modest Doctor propos'd, one was, "that the President
 " of the Royal Society should be the only
 " Member of it, who should be precluded
 " from soliciting Votes, or interfering in
 " the Society's Elections." Such a Motion attract'd, as might be suppos'd, a merited Degree of Ridicule; but the Doctor's Heart defied the piercing Shafts of
 Shame:

Shame : the Lip may quiver, and the Cheek turn pale, but Orators must never blush.

At the Meeting next after the Receipt of the President's Card, Dr. Horsley rising with proper Dignity,

“ Slow from his Seat as rose the Pylian Sage,”

pulled the President's Card out of his Pocket, and begun a Speech, which would demand the best Powers of Criticism, to do Justice to it.

“ I found, ‘ says the Orator,’ on the Table of a Right Rev. Lord, this Card” &c. How far the Right Rev. Lord might be obliged to his Reverend Chaplain for lugging him into an Altercation, which can reflect no Honour on Dr. Horsley or any of his Adherents, is no Business, indulgent Reader, either of your's, or mine. The Province I have undertaken, is only to illustrate the Art of Oratory, and its Powers: which no one possesses in so high a Degree,

as our Archdeacon. The Reader will here observe with what Address he covers himself with an Episcopal Mitre ; and under it, as under a Helmet of Brass, deals out the feathered shaft of Ridicule, and the keen Searchings of acrimonious Bile. Without particularising on the Dialogue that followed, as I would not misrepresent, and alas ! I have it not before me, neither he nor his Friend Maty having vamped it up for public Inspection, it appeared, in the Course of it, “ that the Right Rev. Lord asked the Rev. “ Doctor, what he thought of that Card : ” and that the Rev. Doctor replied, “ it was “ a Conge d’elire : at which his Lordship “ laughed.” From this little, artful, nice, adroit, happy Turn, the Orator gave his Auditors to understand how fine must be that Ridicule, which could disarrange the grave, set, Features of a Prelate ; and dissolve the solemn Form of an Episcopal Countenance in Risibility. And Mr. Maty too, who had properly prepared his risible Muscles to receive the Wit that he knew

knew was coming, to add to the Effect, laughed very heartily at the Repetition of it. In the Name of Wonder, an ordinary Genius may exclaim, how could a Conge d'elire on this Occasion ever enter into Dr. Horsley's Head! Perhaps he has it much at Heart: and should he ever experience in his own gracious and graceful Person what it really means; how happy must that Chapter be, which is blest with so meek, so humble, and Peace-loving a Prelate!

In a certain Part of the Harangue, as the Orator was carried forward in Raptures of most sublime Energy, his Bile rose to such a Height, as I recollect became very offensive to the Assembly and produced a Degree of Interruption by the Cry of, "Shame, Shame; " Fye, fye!" On which, with his sturdy Staff in his Hand, and Countenance unembarrassed, he paused a little, and then resumed his Oration with, "I am not intimidated,"—How tremendous on the Occasion was his Appearance! equalled by nothing I can recollect in History antient

or modern, except perhaps the great Athenian general, who, when tried by the Judges upon a charge of peculation, shewed them the Hilt of his Sword. But, notwithstanding this assumed Intrepidity, a Whisper of **EXPULSION** transpiring through the Room, the Harangue was closed somewhat abruptly, with the Recommendation of Dr. Hutton, an excellent Mathematician, and as such, a Person properly qualified for the Office of principal Secretary to the Royal Society.

After observing that a profound Knowledge of the Mathematics is not the Qualification most requisite in the Secretary of the Royal Society; that a general Acquaintance with the Sciences and classical Learning are of much more Consequence in that Department; that it was plainly judged so at the last Election, when Mr. Maty, as much inferior to Dr. Hutton in mathematical, as he has been *hitherto* supposed superior to him in classical Learning, easily bore away from him the Palm: I must add that Dr.
Hutton's

Hutton's Translations, whether executed by himself, or procured from others, are generally inelegant, and from Misapprehension of the respective Authors, in no few Instances erroneous and false. And I honestly recommend it to Dr. Hutton, to sit quiet, lest a future Edition of the Canons of Criticism should appear, CUM ADDENDIS.

If my Reader be not as fond of a Conge d'elire, as Dr. Horsley; I must ask his Pardon for introducing to him another: which not many Days after the lamentable Figure our persevering Orator had made at the Meeting last alluded to, I found, not on the Table of a Right Rev. Lord, but on my own: recommending Dr. Hutton, as a proper Person to succeed Mr. Maty. This Conge d'elire was generally attributed to Dr. Horsley; though his *known Modesty* did not permit him to subscribe it. Unfortunately however for the Doctor, whose Characteristic is not Consistency, this same
Dr.

Dr. Hutton was the most exceptionable Man, that could have been fixed on : for, exclusive of a Deficiency in Qualifications to which I have already alluded, he had been only a few Months before removed from a Secretaryship of the Society for the Neglect of Duty. The Doctor's Conge d'elire therefore had of Course on the succeeding Ballot the Fate that might have been expected.

And now one Word of Advice to the Consequential Doctor, and I have done with him. He will do well to consider, that he continues Fellow of the Royal Society on SUFFERANCE : having rendered himself strictly and statutably expellable for DEFAMATION. He will do well to suppress his Choler, mind his more immediate Concerns, and sit quiet on the Seat he owes to the Lenity of the Society ; nor with future Insolence interrupt the Harmony and good Order of the Place.

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As to the Doctor's Friend and Colleague Mr. Maty, I wish he would read more, and write less: that the Public may not have Occasion for future Canons of Criticism. The Plan on which I set out was to criticise *Words*; I beg his Petulance, his Impertinence, and Insolence may not force me to criticise seriously on *Facts*: in which Case, indifferent as his Head is, I entertain strong Suspicions, there may be discovered a worse Part about him.

Pity, that Things most excellent are liable to be most abused! The Plea of Liberty hath been known to produce Licentiousness Anarchy, and Rebellion: the false Cry of Religion hath given Scope to sanguinary Dispositions to riot even to Satiety in Cruelty and Blood: and the Pretence of Conscience hath sometimes been made the Pandar of Ostentation and Parade. Were I inclined to make Remarks on Mr. Maty's Conscience, the Delicacy of which hath often founded his Fame; I might be led to exclaim with the Satyrist,—

“ Ut nemo in fere tentat descendere ! ”—

I might be induced to wonder, how he became Successor in the British Museum to that able and intelligent Naturalist the late Dr. Solander. The Department of Natural History and Antiquities, demands a Man of Knowledge in those Branches of Science, to discharge the Trust, with Satisfaction to himself, and Reputation to his Country : for the literary Reputation of a Country depends on the Abilities and Character of those who are appointed to public Posts of literary Trust. And should it be a Fact, a *known* Fact, that Mr. Maty is perfectly ignorant of the former ; and that he has himself declared, “ he is no great Connoisseur in “ Antiquities,” * when he intruded himself into that Department, unqualified as he was, Candour might ask, where lay Conscience, and all its delicate Feelings? And Truth would answer, fast asleep in

* See Reviews, March 1784, Art. 6.]

* Of this the confused State, in which the Antiquities there deposited lie, is too glaring a Proof. Indeed it is a Reproach to the Curators, to suffer such Neglect : it is a Reflection on our Country ; and Foreigners, as they are disposed, some smile, some pity, and all complain of it.

Suite of good Apartments in the British Museum, with the comfortable Appendage of a hundred Pounds a Year. Those pliable Consciences are very convenient Things ; as they are calculated both for use and shew. And Mr. Maty's tends to convince me, that he has adopted the good old ministerial Maxim " that every Man " is fit for every Thing he likes, and can get." Till this Place is resigned, voluntarily resigned ; I desire to hear no more of " Mr. Maty's uncommon Proofs of his "high Integrity and Delicacy of Conscience." ‡

When our learned Author and Reviewer, with the Memorial of whose Excellencies I am afraid to tire my Reader, falters and nods, in literary Concerns, which he does not understand, we only laugh and pity him : but when he wilfully misrepresents plain and known Matters of Fact with a View to mislead, when he

‡ See Appeal to the Fellows of the Royal Society, Page 4.

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throws

throws out Falsties with the wicked Intention of deceiving the Public, and in their Estimation thereby injuring Characters, whose superior Merit

—————prægravat infra
Se positos —————

he merits a severer Retribution than my milky Pen can give. When he asserted, that the Successor of Dr. Hutton resided at Chelsea, in Order to asperse the Characters of the President and Council with the Imputation of Partiality and Caprice, did he not know he lived in the Parish of St. George, Westminster? Yes: and as a Relation of that very Gentleman, it is natural to conceive he knew more: knew at the Moment he framed the Falstity, that he had a House then fitting up for him in the Parish of St. Martin. If the former Charge comport little with Pretensions to Conscience: this latter, I am afraid, impeaches his Veracity no less,

But

But I forbear to criticise his Character further: I would not have proceeded so far, had it not in the two preceding Articles been so closely connected with the Objects of our present Enquiry; his Abilities, and his Conduct, in Places of Literary Trust. He is now no longer Secretary of the Royal Society; and I congratulate the Society on the happy exchange of a bad Secretary for a very good one. Such Proceedings, as on the Part of himself and his Abettors have been carried on, must for a Moment have hurt the Dignity of the Society in the Eye of the Literary World: I am happy however to find so great a good has arisen from it;

“*Aliquisque Malo fuit Ufus in illo.*”

But the Society has some Demands on Mr. Maty still unsatisfied. Why have not the Orders of the Council, to deliver up those Papers of the Society, which are still in his Hands, been complied with? Why is not

the Index to the Transactions, for the making of which, he long ago received 200 l. in a more forward State ; or indeed why is it not finished ? Let these remaining Duties of his Trust be discharged : and I will say nothing of the shameful Incorrectness, with which the Transactions have been printed ; I will say nothing of the disgraceful Table of Errata annexed to Mr. Woulfe's Paper, and which was not till two Years after the Publication of the Volume inserted, and then at the particular Remonstrance of Woulfe : but will in a Moment ease him of his painful Sensations, by terminating my Critique, in recommending to his Notice a very short History of a very insignificant Animal.

The Ichneumon is a little, busy, impertinent, contemptible Fly ; in the Composition of which the Author of Nature hath infused a great Degree of Irascibility, and armed it with a long Sting but that Sting so flexile, and feeble, that it has
not

not power to do much harm. Every Thing excites its Ire, and its Ire ungratified serves only to consume itself: it will strike an Elephant, though it cannot perforate a Mouse.

F I N I S.

1771

not power to do much harm. Every thing
exceeds its use, and its ungratified forces
only to consume itself: it will strike an illu-
sion though it cannot perorate a Minerva.

FINIS

